Here ſtands the ſpring whome you haue ſtaind with mud,
This goodly ſommer with your winter mixt,
You kild her huſband, and for that vild fault,
two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merrie ieſt,
Both her ſweete hands, hir tongue, and that more deare
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſſe chaſtitie,
Inhumane traitors you conſtraind and forſt.
VVhat would you ſay if I ſhould let you ſpeake?
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Harke wretches how I meane to marter you,
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
VVhiles that *Lauinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold,
The baſon that receaues your guiltie blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calles herſelfe Reuenge and thinks me mad.
Harke villaines I will grinde your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it Ile make a paſte,
And of the paſte a coffen I will reare,
And make two paſties of your ſhamefull heades,
And bid that ſtrumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her owne increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I haue bid her too,
And this the banket ſhe ſhall ſurfet on,
For worſe than *Philomell* you vſde my daughter,
And worſe than *Progne* I will be reuengd.
And now prepare your throats, *Lauinia* come,
Receaue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paſte let their vile heades be bakt,
Come, come, be euerie one officius,
To make this banket which I wiſh may proue
More ſterne and bloodie than the Centaurs feaſt,

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in for Ile play the Cooke,

And ſee them readie againſt their Mothe

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the G

Lucius. Vncle *Marcus*, ſince tis my
That I repaire to Rome I am content.
Got. And ours with thine, befall what
Luci. Good Vncle take you in this ba
This rauenous tiger, this accurſed diuell,
Let him receaue no ſuſtnance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Empreſſe face
For teſtemonie of her foule proceedings,
And ſee the Ambuſh of our friends be ſtr
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to v
Moore. Some diuell whiſper curſes in my
And prompt me that my tongue may vtte
The venemous mallice of my ſwelling har
Lucius. Away inhumane dogge vnhall
Sirs help our vncle to conuay him in,
The trumpets ſhewe the Emperour is at

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and E
bunes and others.

King. VVhat hath the firmament mo
Lucius, VVhat boots it thee to call th
Mar. Romes Emperour and Nephew
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated,
The feaſt is ready which the careſull *Titu*
Hath ordainde to an honorable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good t
Pleaſe you therefore, draw nie and take
King. *Marcus* we will.

Trumpets ſounding, Enter Titus like a C
diſhes, and Lauinia with a vaile ouer her f

Titus. VVelcome my Lord, welcom